Bloudie thou art, bloudie will be thy end,
Shame ſerues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though far more cauſe, yet much leſſe ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me, I ſaie Amen to all.
King. Staie Maddam, I muſt ſpeake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no moe ſonnes of the royall bloud,
For thee to murther for my daughters Richard,
They ſhalbe praying nunnes not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.
King You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, roiall and gracious.
Qu. And muſt ſhe die for this? O let her liue!
And ile corrupt her maners, ſtaine her beautie,
Slander my ſelfe as falſe to Edwards bed
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So ſhe may liue vnskard from bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſſe ſhe was not Edwards daughter.
King Wrong not her birth, ſhe is of roiall bloud.
Qu To ſaue her life, ile ſaie ſhe is not ſo.
King Her life is onlie ſafeſt in hir birth.
Qu. And onlie in that ſafetie died her brothers.
King Lo at their births good ſtars were oppoſite.
Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrarie.
King All vnauoided is the doome of deſtinie,
Qu. True when auoided grace makes deſtinie,
My babes were deſtinde to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer life.
King Madam, ſo thriue I in my dangerous attempt (armes
As I intend more good to you and yours, of hoſtile
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd.
Qu. What good is couerd with the face of heauen,
To be diſcouerd that can do me good,
King The aduancement of your children mightie Ladie.
Qu. Vp to ſome ſcaffold, there to looſe their heads.
King No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The high imperial tipe of this earths glorie.
Qu. Flatter my ſorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what ſtate, what dignitie, what honor?

Canſt

Canſt thou demiſe to anie child of mine.
King. Euen all I haue, yea and my ſelfe and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angrie ſoule,
Thou drown the ſadd remembrance of thoſe wrongs
Which thou ſuppoſeſt I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be briefe, leaſt that the proceſſe of thy kindnes,
Laſt longer telling then thy kindnes doe.
King. Then know that from my ſoule I loue thy daughter.
Qu. My daughters mother thinkes it with her ſoule.
King. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou doſt loue my daughter from thy ſoule,
So from thy ſoules loue didſt thou loue her brothers,
And from my harts loue I do thanke thee for it.
King. Be not ſo haſtie to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my ſoule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Saie then, who doſt thou meane ſhal be her king?
King. Euen he that makes her Queen, who ſhould be elſe?
Qu. What thou?
King I euen I, what thinke you of it Maddame?
Qu. How canſt thou wooe her?
King That would I learne of you.
As one that are beſt acquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learn of me?
King Madam with al my hart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her brothers,
A paire of bleeding harts thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happelie ſhe wil weepe,
Therefore preſent to her as ſometimes Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercher ſteept in Rutlands bloud,
And bid her drie her weeping eies therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a ſtorie of thy noble acts,
Tel her thou madſt a waie her Vncle Clarence,
Her Vncle Riuers, yea, and for her ſake
Madſt quicke conueiance with her good Aunt Anne.
King Come, come, you mocke me, this is not the waie